

Dylan Swearingon

2/26/14

"Picking him up"

Christian called me at 1:37 am asking if I was able to come pick him up St. Rose, Louisiana at a docking bay that his barge had stopped. I told him yes that I could pick him up. He told me that I needed to be there between 7:45-8 am. I left my home at 3:45 am-4:00 am on my way to get him. We exchanged a few phone calls just to touch base and he would ask me where I was or how far from the landing ~~area~~ area. After a couple hours or so, I finally reached the destination that he was at. I called him when I arrived and he said give him a few moments. He came down the hill where I was parked and removed his blue jumpsuit he wore for his work. He said he had left without permission and security of the place along with the sheriff were alerted but he decided to leave, I have no conclusion on whether he was able to leave or if just ~~he~~ left by self choice.

"The ride back to Meridian" 2/26/14

After we left the ~~destination~~ destination I picked him up at, we talked like we always have. Nothing was out of the ordinary. We stopped at a gas station and got us some drinks and he filled my truck up for coming to get him. As we pulled out and got ~~back~~ back on the interstate, he began to tell me that him and Whitley were having relationship issues. The issues were regarding another ~~boy~~ boy hanging out with Whitley while he was gone and he then told me this was the reason for him coming home. Then we continued our route to Meridian, just talking and listening to the radio.

"Arriving at his apartment" 2/26/14

We pulled into the apartment complex that he was living at. He noticed the ~~BMW~~ BMW he bought for Whitley was there and he walked in. He began asking her where she had been because they have a tracker on each other's phones. She spent the night at the boy's house that Christian earlier mentioned. His name is Matt Miller. After asking her multiple questions regarding what she had done, she mentioned the usage of ~~xxx~~ Xanax. She was not sure of some of the activities they participated. He blamed xanax for her not knowing. I stayed upstairs a ~~majority~~ majority of the time due to I didn't want to interfere with their argument. I stuck my head over the stairs one moment and heard him saying over and over "Do you love me?" After a few times of asking he pulled his gun out and cocked it and stuck it to his head and asked again "Do you love me?" She said yes and tried to grab the gun away from him. After awhile things calmed down and we watched a movie.

"Leaving the first^{second} time" 2/26/14

I asked him if he wanted me to go get some food and give them a moment alone. He gave me his debit card and said get some Chick-Fil-A and to "take all of his money out of his account". I asked him was he sure and he replied "Yes". He also broke her phone in an ~~earlier~~ earlier argument. I told him I would take the phone and see if they could fix it. I got the food and he provided me with the banking information but they said he as the account holder would have to withdraw the money. I came back and everything was fine. We watched another movie. I noticed they were leaving and I said,

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"Where are yall going?" he replied "to take a little ride". I fell asleep and woke up around 2 hours later. Whitley was asleep and Christian was sitting on the couch smoking a cigarette. He acted Normal and I said "I'm about to go to best buy and look at speakers, do you need anything while I'm out?" he replied no. At an earlier time after I saw him point the gun to his head, I took the gun from him and placed it behind the curtains because he was acting very aggressive. As I left I told him I hid it due to his actions and I gave it back and told him "unload it and please don't touch it". As I left, I made it to Best Buy and talked to the car audio technician.

"Arriving back from Best Buy." 2/26/14

As I walked in I noticed he wasn't on the couch and I walked around the apartment calling him and got no answer. I walked up the stairs and noticed the bathroom light was on so I figured he was taking a shower. I knocked and said "are you alright?" Still no answer so I walked downstairs and walked into a room that Whitley was sleeping in. I told her he didn't answer me and that we need to check on him. She went back to sleep and I walked back upstairs and knocked once more. I asked aloud again "Christian? Are you okay?" he didn't reply so I opened the door and I saw Christian laying face down across the tub with blood in it. I yelled "Whitley, Christian is dead we have to call 911" and she screamed and ran upstairs and began holding him.

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I then called 911 and directed them to the apartment and the police arrived and then took control of the scene and asked us to sit in the living room.